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TRANSLATION

OF A

SPURIOUS COPY OF VERSES,

Which were lately obtruded on the UNIVERSITY as a TRIPOS.

Addreſſed to Mr. T—R—D.

Non aliena *mali*, *miſeris* ſuccerrere diſco. VIRG.

One knave will in another find a friend,
And vicious men will ever vice defend.

TO whom more aptly can addreſs belong
Than him who gives me ſubject for my ſong:
For Pope confeſt he more to Homer ow'd
Than all his noble patronizing crowd.
Unwilling that the efforts of thy mind
Should to one language only be confin'd,
This faithful copy to the world I ſend,
Not leſs to them than to yourſelf a friend.
May other linguiſts here employment ſeek,
And give thy thoughts a hundred tongues to ſpeak.

Thus ſhall the ſtream, which takes from you its ſource,
Through other diſtant channels find a courſe ;
Thus ſhall they know at Pekin or Peru,
What poets nurs'd on Granta's banks can do.
Excuſe me, Sir, if that attention rais'd
For the more pleaſing purpoſe—to be prais'd,
To other ſubjects I a while convey,
Where truth no more to flatt'ry muſt give way.
In you alone could vice a patron find ?
Stand forth thou champion of a guilty mind.
Shall the free muſe by chains of your's be bound ?
And ſhall not vice, for you, be laſh'd when found ?
Self-intereſt, perhaps, you mean to plead,
And the ſame ſcourge yourſelf in future dread.
Would with thy follies that the ſcene had clos'd !
You then had only, Sir, yourſelf expos'd.
'Tis more than folly—you have yet to know—
That ſtrikes, when thouſands are to feel the blow ;
For ev'ry ſhaft which lights on E-ll-s head,
Its poiſon'd influence will o'er thouſands ſpread :
And future ſons of Trinity will feel
That wound, which you alone who gave, can heal.

Of

Of the motions of Fortune, *which never ſtand ſtill,*
But are turn'd round and round like a horſe in a mill,
How ſlipp'ry are joys, how deceitful is gold,
I will tell you—*leſt elſe you ſhould never be told.*
Do, good Phœbus, aſſiſt me, for poets relate,
That you yourſelf once, to the coſt of your pate,
Kick'd headlong from heaven, (I ween for no love)
Underwent the diſpleaſure and anger of Jove.
In vain to avoid Fortune's *thunder* we fly
To the woods that can't ſee, or the deſarts hard by;
In vain to the gods ſacred altars retreat,
To no purpoſe, alas! ſhall we *take to our feet*;
Not Minerva ſo bold, and withal *ſo like Mars,*
Can defend us againſt our unfortunate ſtars.

Fortunæ *inſtabiles* motus, quam ſemper in orbem
Verſetur celeri curſu, quam lubrica fiànt
Gaudià, quæ præbent gazæq; et gloria fallax
Expediàm. Tu Phœbe adſis, nam te quoque quondam
Sublimi ſuperum dejectum ſede tonantis
Infeſtam ſubiiſſe iram dixere poetæ.
Fruſtrá, ~~at~~ *ut* vitemus Fortunæ *fulmina, cæcas*
Sylvarum latebras deſertaque ſaxa petemus:
Fruſtrá divorum ſacras fugiemus ad aras.
Caſibus haud quaquam Pallas *mavortia* ſolvet
Venturis, clypeo quamvis tutetur amico.

Grief

Grief of mind (not of body, for that's a miſtake,
Which but for this caution my Reader might make)
With Adverſity cloſe at its tail, hov'ring round us,
Lay together their heads how they moſt may confound us.
From the time that Pandora firſt opening her Box,
Made a ſcramble on earth of the *Plague*, *Itch*, and *Pox*,
Where's the man with whom Fortune has not play'd the whore,
And pepper'd his carcaſe with many a ſore?
The Fates too, forſooth, muſt needs ſtand in our way,
To ſee fair, and take care that each dog have his day.
At the time (like all whores) ſhe moſt pleaſure conveys,
With proportional pain ſhe that pleaſure repays;
And when ſhe imparts moſt profuſely her charms,
In that *critical moment* moſt falſe are her arms.

Undiq; nos *animi luctus* manet, undiq; rebus
Cingimur adverſis; ex quo Pandora per orbem
Lethales fudit *peſtes morboſq*; futuros,
Quem Fortuna ſinu tam molli fovit amica,
Ut nunquam curis agitarit Pectus? Iniqui
Perpetuo ſua quemq; manent incommoda fati.
Illa, voluptatem quam perfida dona miniſtrant
Adverſis miſcet, pellitque doloribus; Illa
Divitias laudeſque manus cum prodiga fundit,
Venturam ſemper molitur fraude ruinam.

Full

Full many a man (pray my ſimile mind)
Is toſs'd up and down *like the waves and the wind.*
The weakneſs and frailty of kingdoms—Good God!
If one comes but to think on't—*appear very odd.*
How many a good honeſt king before now,
E'er he knew where he was, has, alas! been laid low.
From hence I conclude that Fame cannot endure,
That of pleaſure and wealth we ſhould not *make cock ſure.*
Do but look at the ſun, though he now ſhines ſo bright,
Yet e'er morning we nevertheleſs—*ſhall have night.*
As by all navigators this truth is confeſt,
That the ſea will be calm—*when the waves are at reſt;*
And whenever the clouds can no longer contain
Their burthen of water—*why then it will rain:*

Ceratis pennis multos ad ſidera tollit,
Præcipitat, mutatq; vices, *ceu ventus et undæ.*
Quam fragilis ſemper ſummi fit gloria regni!
Regali ſolio quot pulſi hoſtilibus armis
Fuderunt tandem immaturo funere vitam!
Sic honor inſtabilis ſic nummi *incerta* voluptas.
En ſolis radii quanquam nunc lumine tanto
Splendent, mox ſpiſſis condetur nubibus aer
Æquore ſic puppis venti quando ira reſedit
Tranquillo vehitur; mox vero nubila denſos
Agglomerant imbres ſubito et mare fluctibus albet.

Thus *for all the world* Fortune flies chearful along,
But to-morrow quite alters the tone of her ſong.
No man can inſure to himſelf *a night's ſleep*,
Even kings have been known (what a wonder !) *to weep*.
Who then would not *muſter his tears up*, and cry,
To think that Troy ruin'd *its king muſt needs die ?*
I myſelf would not be in Ulyſſes's *ſhoes*,
No, not to have buſied like him Homer's muſe,
If with all his fine honours, his glory and name,
My labours and pains muſt with his be the ſame.
Who could be more notorious than old Peleus ſon ?
Yet with all the great conqueſts and ſpoils that he won,
Though he (to be ſure) bully Hector *laid flat*,
Paris knock'd out his breath—*which was but tit for tat*.

Fortuna haud aliter placidis nunc advolat alis
Nunc animum triſtem ſummis cruciatibus urget,
Nulli certa datur *requies*. Quot ſæpe dolores
Regibus impendent ! Priami quis fata *dolore*
Non ſummo luget ? Qui poſtquam funera regni
Aſpicit, ipſe ſtatim lethali concidit haſtâ.
Quis ſibi vult Ithaci famam nomenq; perenne ?
Carmine mæonio, vel quis celebrarier optat,
Cum propter no*men* Ithaci ſubeunda pericla,
Perpetuoq; premunt duri infandiq; labores ?
Cui regum illuſtri virtus, vel fama ſecunda
Pelidis, tamen hic victor, ſpoliiſq; ſuperbus
Hectoris occiſi, Paridi præda ipſe cadebat.

Thus

Thus Fortune the fam'd king of Phrygia once fool'd,
Who perceiving whatever he touch'd turn to gold,
D—d Fortune to *H-ll* for a treacherous *B—h*,
And as for the gods—bade them all kiſs his br—h.
He, *therefore*, is happy (a conſequence ſure)
Whom Fortune has not in her pow'r to allure.
Not he (do you mind me) who fills both his hands,
Both his pockets and wallet with Pactolus' *ſands*.
Though you once have in Fortune a good *miſtreſs* found,
Truſt not to her ſmiles, leaſt the b—h prove *unſound*.

Sic Phrygiæ regem fallax Fortuna *lu*debat
Qui poſtquam riguiſſe dapes ſenſiſſet in aurum,
Tactu, Fortunæ *damnabat* dona doloſa,
Magnaq; numinibus vota exaudita malignis.
Ille *igitur* felix, didicit qui temnere dona
Fortunæ, mediumq; minanti porrigit unguem.
Non hic qui fruitur quicquid Pactolus arena
Volvit, Fortunamque ſibi qui expectus *amicam*, *ex pertus*
Hujus enim donis nulla eſt fincera voluptas.

*** There are in the original ſome *beauties*, which, for obvious reaſons, the tranſlation cannot retain. As——

Cum propter no*men* Ithaci—
—Fallax Fortuna *lu*debat.—

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Tim Fortune the fond King of Fury is once fool'd,
Who perceiving whatever he touch'd turn to gold,
D—n Fortune to H—ll for a treacherous B—h,
And as for the gods—bade them all hide his br—h.
His Majesty, in hurry (a comic picture here)
Whom Fortune has not in her pow'r to allure.
Not he (do you mind me) who fills both his hands,
Both his pockets and wallet with Public Funds.
Though fortune here's in Fortune a good majority found,
Trust not to her smiles, look the b—h now in front.

De Principe regum fallax Fortuna labefit
Qui pecuniam pignibile duxerit in rerum,
[illegible] Fortunæ [illegible]
[illegible]ngunt, manibus vota ferunt, a mane
Illegitur tollit, dilicie qui tenuere dies
Fortune, medium; minuit periglo numerum,
Non hic qui fruitur quicquid Pactolus erum
Vivit, Fortunamque tibi qui expectat eritum,
Unica crimen dextra nulla est fiducia vitæ.

*** There are in the original three Pentalin, which, for obvious reasons, the translation cannot retain. As——

Cum propter nomen labaci—
—Fallax Fortuna labebat—